



SPURRIER
DEODATO JR.
MULVIHILL

THE FLASH



ATTACK OF THE ARC ANGLES

13+
TEEN

DAWN OF
DC

TRAPPED IN A PRISON OF HIS OWN MAKING!

BATMAN

#145

Written by
CHIP ZDARSKY

Art and cover by
JORGE JIMÉNEZ



DAWN OF
DC

THE FOUR-PART
**DARK
PRISONS**

ARC STARTS IN
MARCH

© & TM DC



With neither arrogance nor vanity, it's clear the hero is pleased with himself.

ACTIVITY DATE!

This was *his* idea.

He isn't a cold thinker. She didn't fall in love with some bloviating philosopher, some scalpel-minded shrink.

She fell for a man who feels things. *Deeply.*

A man who loves.

Y'OKAY BACK THERE?

A man who *tries*.

Linda Park-West has not felt this rush in six months.

Not since the baby. Since her life contracted to a frozen bubble of Nurture and Need, of cracked nipples and clamorous nights.

She thought-- as does the hero, evidently-- that *this* was what she missed. The needles of eccentric energy. Life as a beautiful blur.

And oh, she *is* grateful, just for the thought. For the invitation to ride sidesaddle on a call to crisis, while Wade dozes at day care.

So she forces a grin. Mutters words of gratitude. And tries not to show that--

--despite the keenness of her husband's adoration, despite her unwavering love for him--



--she feels almost nothing.

LONDON, U.K.

Here. Better mask up.

THESE THINGS ARE FROM THE BLOBSPHERE. DID WE SIDESTEP?

"Side-step?"

Yeah...IT'S THIS... NEW ABILITY. Didn't want to worry you.

NOPE, THIS IS REGULAR REALITY, FOR SURE.

WHY ARE THESE THINGS H--

LOOK-- IT'S THE BLOODY FLASH! THANK GOD!

Hrm? YEAH, DON'T SWEAT IT, FOLKS. IT'S ALL UNDER CON--

AND HE GOT RID OF THAT CRAPPY NOSE-MASK! LOVIN' THE CLASSIC LOOK, MATE!





Uh.

THEY SEEM DRAWN TO SENIOR CITIZENS... I-IS THIS SOME SORT OF... **TIME** THING?

LINDA? IS THAT YOU? OH WOW! HOW ARE YA? IRIS SAID YOU'VE BEEN DOING **TOP WORK** FOR THE PAPER. GOOD FOR YOU!

SAY, WILL YOU EXCUSE ME A SECOND?



Uhm. Y-YEAH, LET ME--

--HELP WITH THAT...



She can't see them, of course. Two ruby ribbons, like sutures across a wound. But she imagines.

Their lips moving. Keeping count. Pop. Pop. Pop. Competing on instinct.



L-LISTEN--BARRY-- I'VE ACTUALLY BEEN KINDA **WORRIED** ABOUT Y--

SURE. WORRIED ENOUGH TO CHECK IN AT LEAST **NONE TIMES** EVERY WEEK.



It's-- it's more complic--

Hrf-- YOU **SENSE** THAT?

She can. Even enervated by exhaustion, numb to sentiment...

...she feels reality recoil.



THE FLASH



ISSUE SIX

"THE GIFT"

WRITER:

SIMON SPURRIER

ARTIST:

MIKE DEODATO JR.

COLORIST:

TRISH MULVIHILL

LETTERER:

HASSAN OTSMANE-ELHAOU

COVER BY:

MIKE DEODATO JR. & TRISH MULVIHILL

VARIANT COVERS BY:

MIKE DEODATO JR. & TRISH MULVIHILL

JAMES STOKOE

MATT TAYLOR

WERTHER DELL'EDERA

EDITOR: CHRIS ROSA

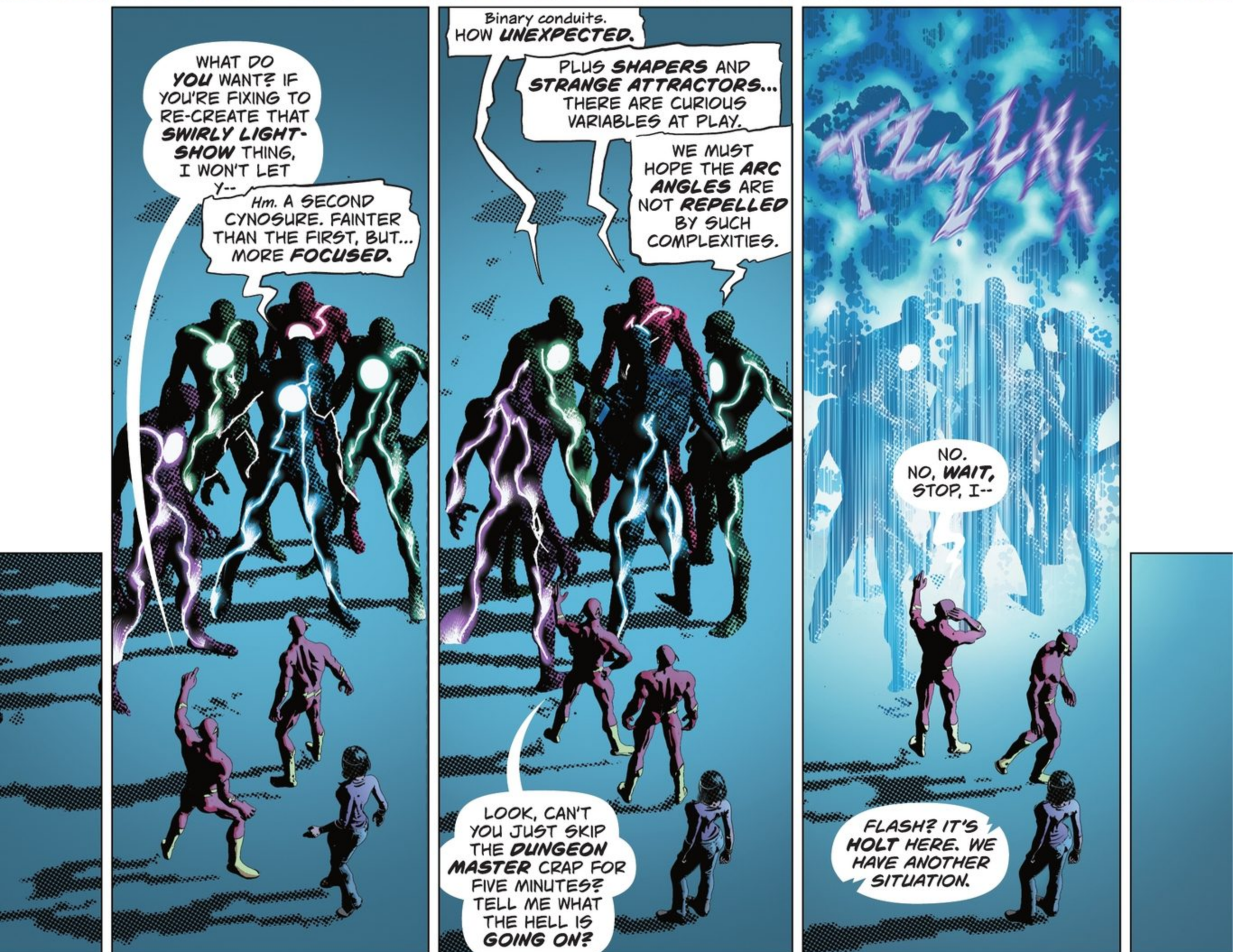
GROUP EDITOR: PAUL KAMINSKI





Stillness.

(Distantly worried she's lost her mind, Linda makes the improbable observation that the newcomers smell like secrecy, with a hint of cinnamon.)



WHAT DO YOU WANT? IF YOU'RE FIXING TO RE-CREATE THAT SWIRLY LIGHT-SHOW THING, I WON'T LET Y--

Hm. A SECOND CYNOSURE. FAINTER THAN THE FIRST, BUT... MORE FOCUSED.

Binary conduits. HOW **UNEXPECTED**.

PLUS SHAPERS AND STRANGE ATTRACTORS... THERE ARE CURIOUS VARIABLES AT PLAY.

WE MUST HOPE THE ARC ANGLES ARE NOT REPELLED BY SUCH COMPLEXITIES.

LOOK, CAN'T YOU JUST SKIP THE DUNGEON MASTER CRAP FOR FIVE MINUTES? TELL ME WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

NO. NO, WAIT, STOP, I--

FLASH? IT'S HOLT HERE. WE HAVE ANOTHER SITUATION.



Hh.

She sees it then. That honest split-second before the shoulders rise and the "I love my job" face lights back up.

She has never adored anyone one-tenth as much. She aches to reach for him. To comfort him. And yet...?

...Her arms just won't lift.

She wonders, distantly-- *Am I broken?* Then realizes that doesn't seem to matter much either.

PERU. MORE WEIRD ENERGY SIGNATURES. COORDINATES ATTACHED.

ON IT. I'LL BE THERE IN NO TIME AT A--

WALLY?

RIGHT! Haha. NOT GONNA JUST LEAVE YOU HERE, AM I? ACTIVITY DATE!

DID... BARRY GO ON AHEAD?

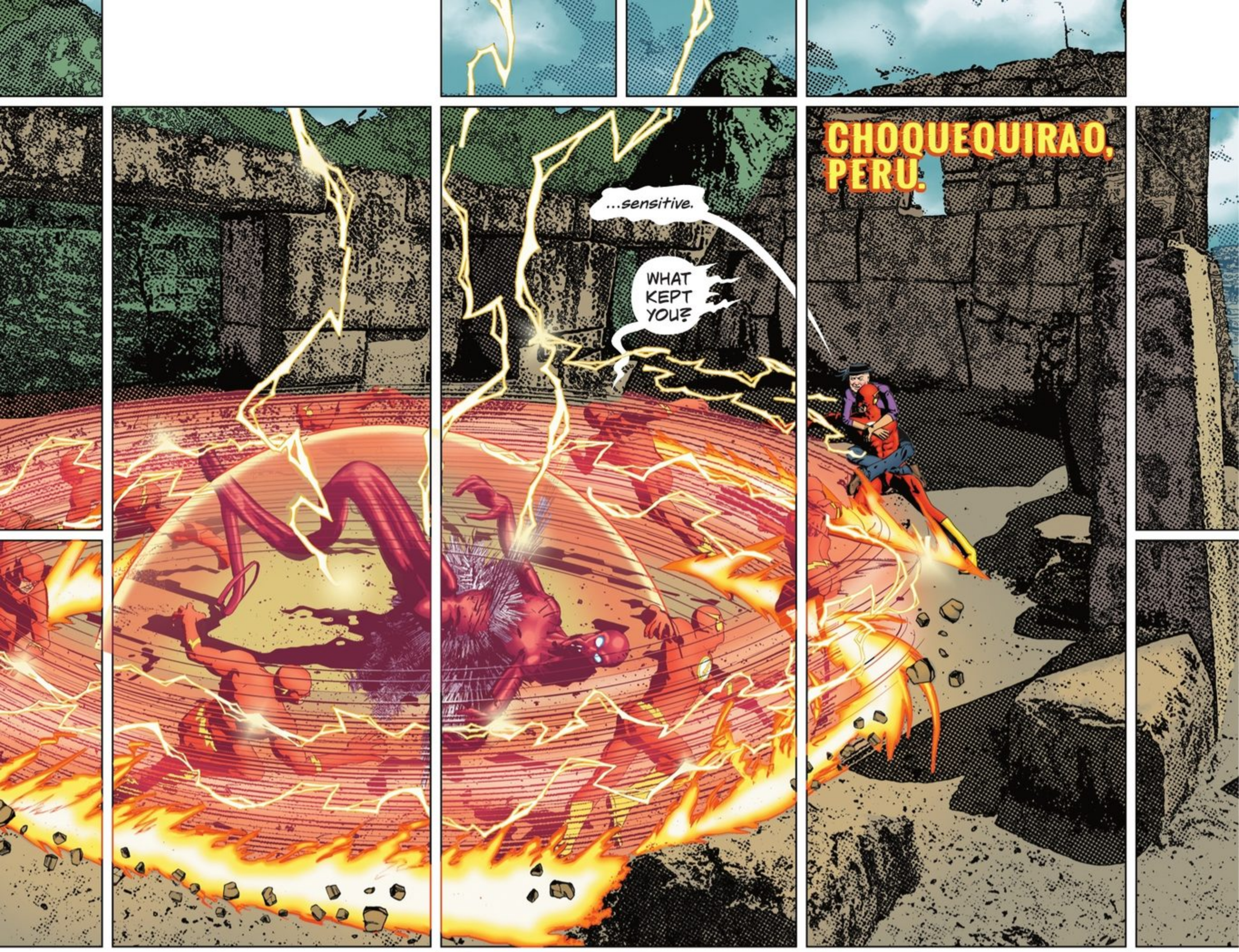
I mean... "AHEAD."

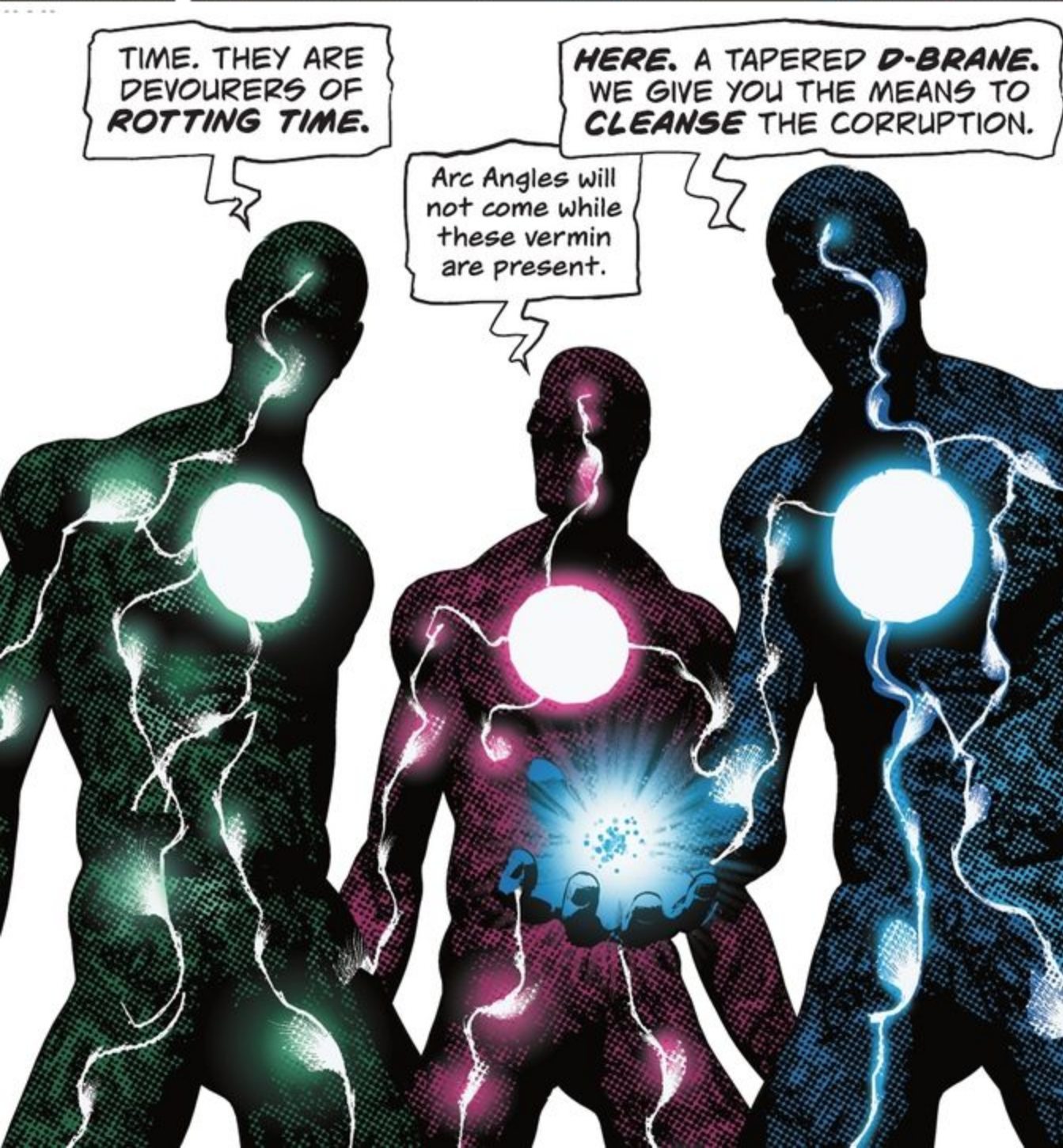
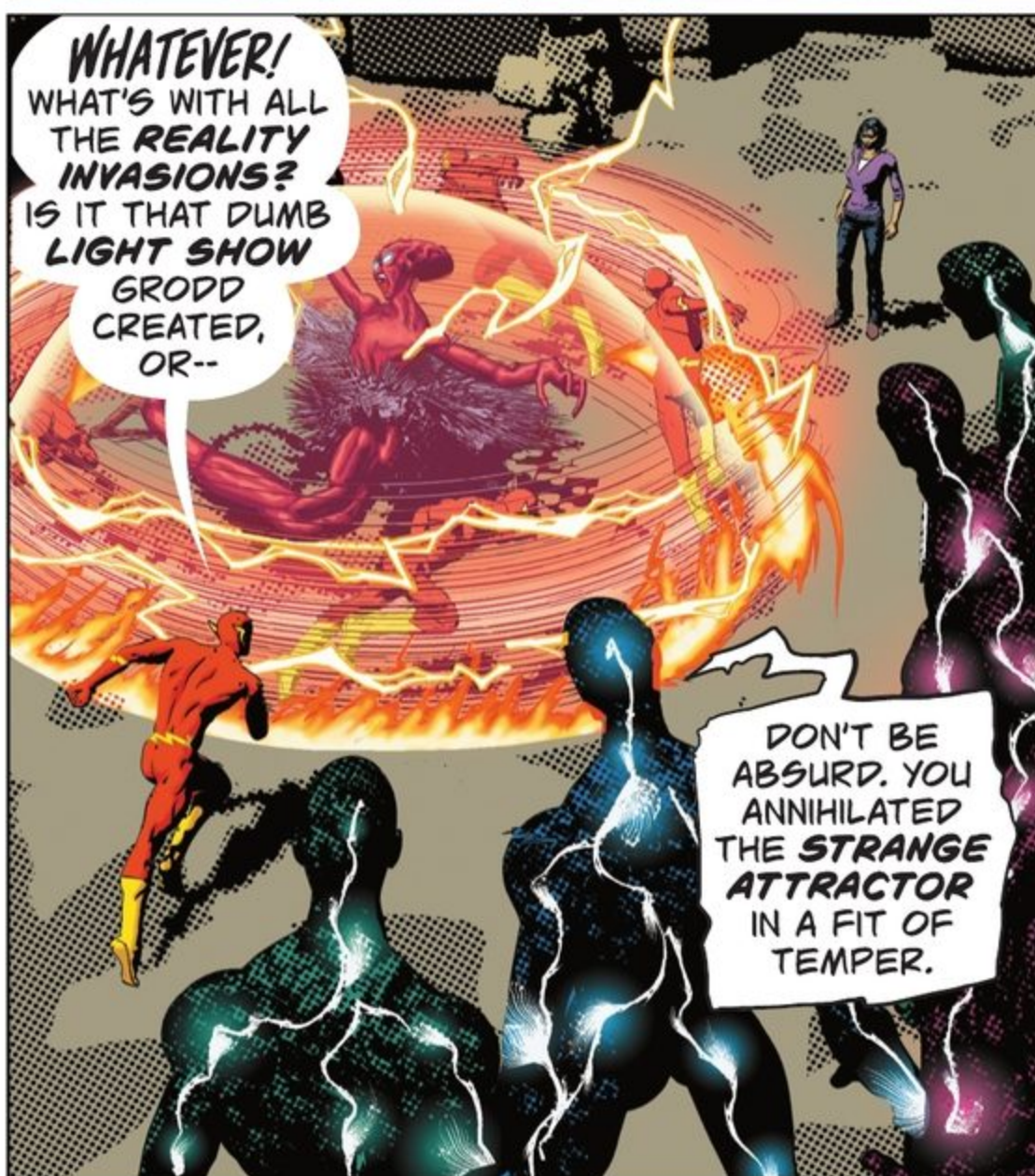
BARRY'S FAST AND ALL, BUT-- THERE'S A REASON HE ASKED ME TO BE THE-- y'know. MAIN FLASH.

IMPORTANT THING IS-- WHEN HE ARRIVES AFTER US-- DON'T MAKE A BIG DEAL OUT OF IT.

I GET THE FEELING HE'S BECOMING A LITTLE, uhm...









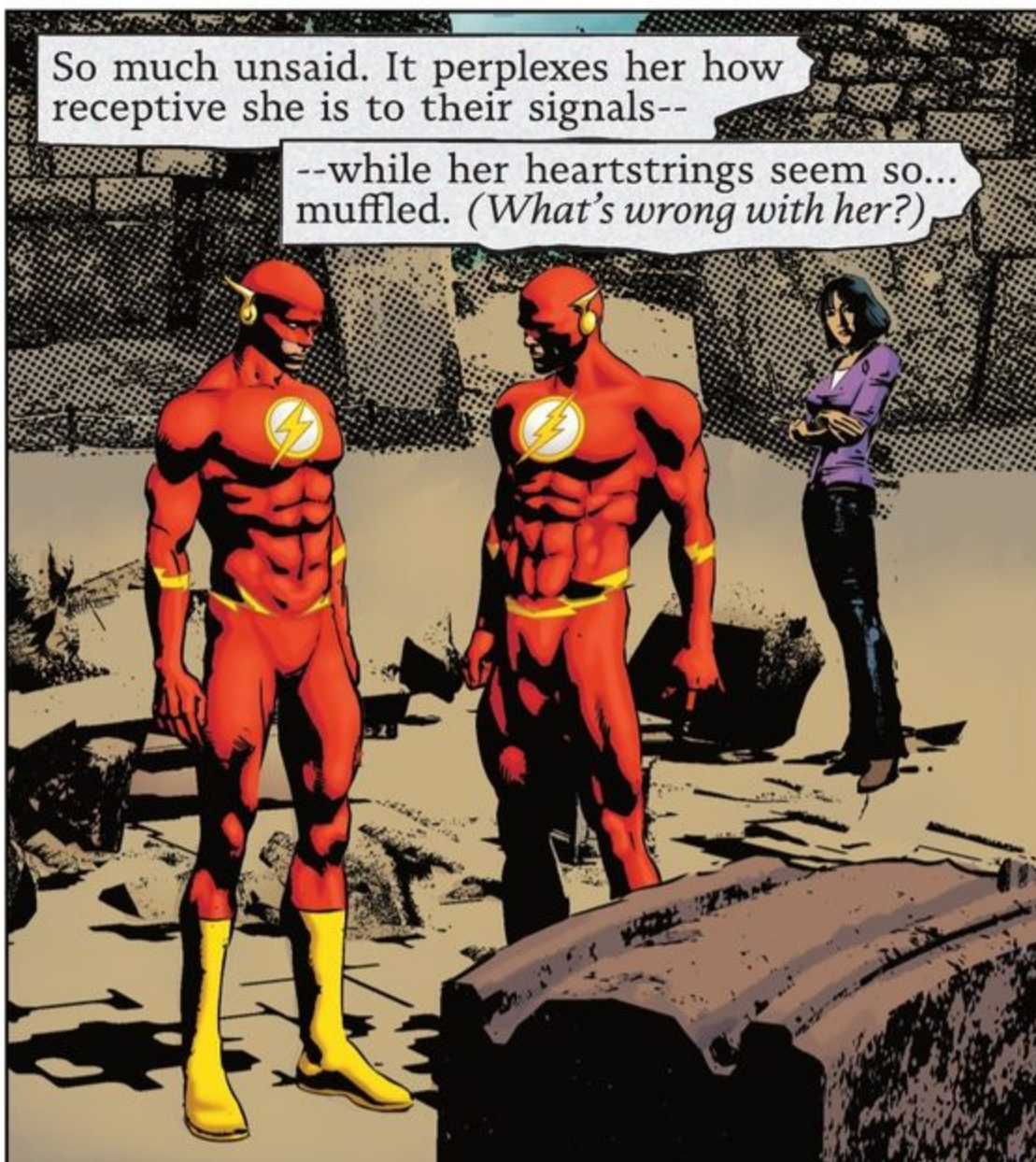
Uh.
Thanks?

IMPRESSIVE.
A COMPLIANT
CONDUIT.

AND...you see?
ALREADY COLONIZED BY
EXOTIC ADAPTATIONS...

Nnff!
This damn
headache.

WE WILL BE
WATCHING WITH
INTEREST,
SENTIENT
ORGANIC.



So much unsaid. It perplexes her how receptive she is to their signals--

--while her heartstrings seem so... muffled. (What's wrong with her?)



YOU, uh. YOU OKAY...?

Mmff. Fine.

L-LOOK, IT'S BEEN WEEKS. YOU CAN'T JUST-- PICK IT ALL UP, LIKE NOTHING'S WEIRD. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FA--



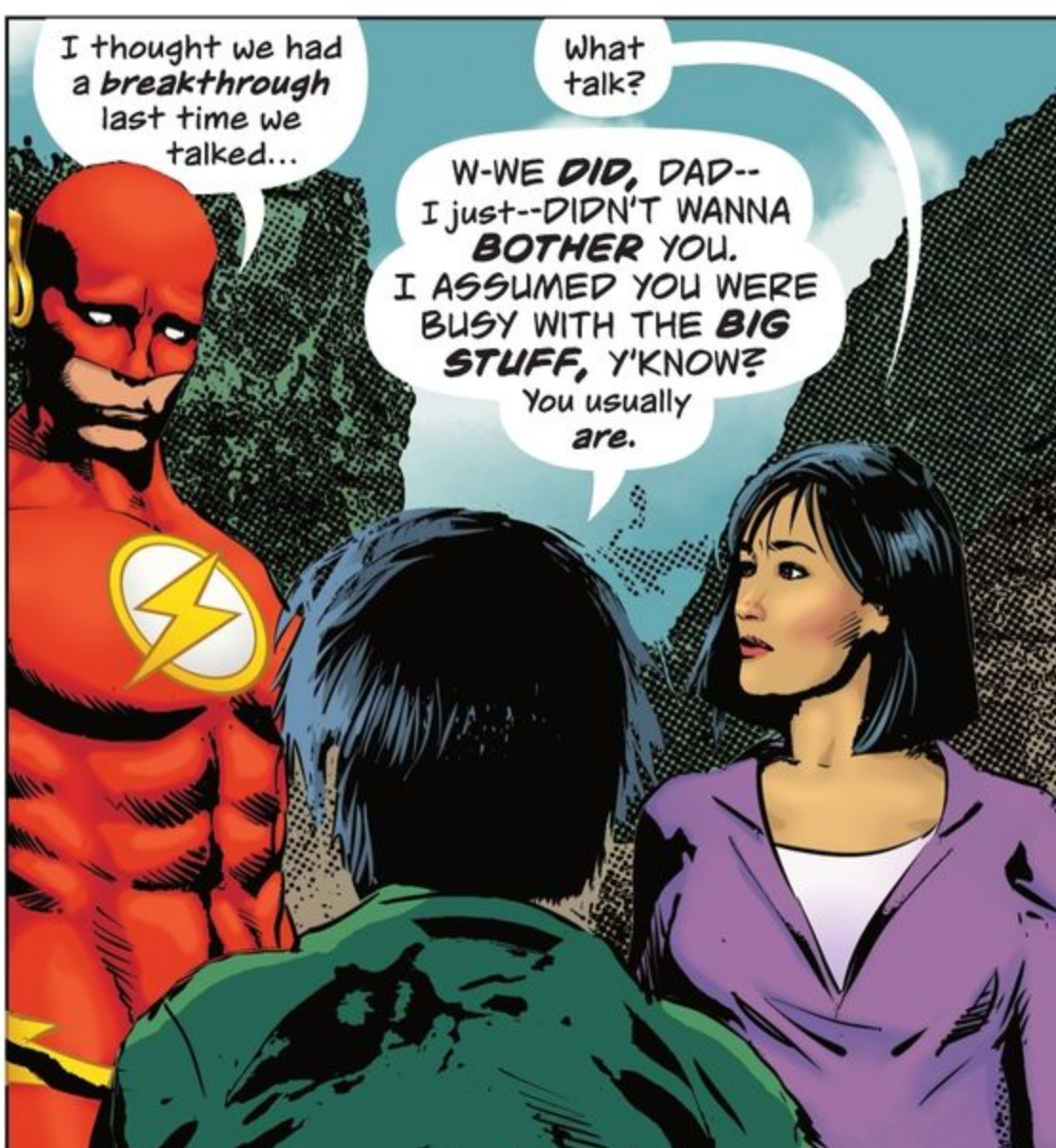
UNCLE BARRY! WE NEED YOU!



JAI?

Uh. Dad? Mom?

YOU-- YOU CAME FOR BARRY?



I thought we had a breakthrough last time we talked...

What talk?

W-WE DID, DAD-- I just--DIDN'T WANNA BOTHER YOU. I ASSUMED YOU WERE BUSY WITH THE **BIG STUFF**, Y'KNOW? You usually are.

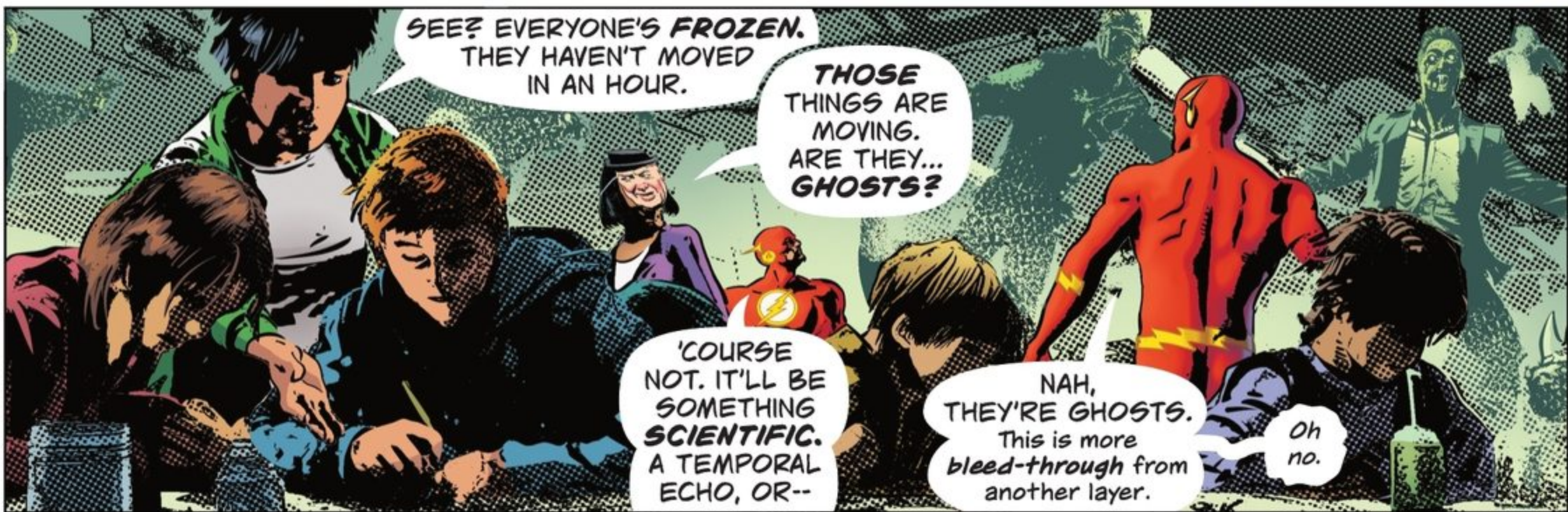
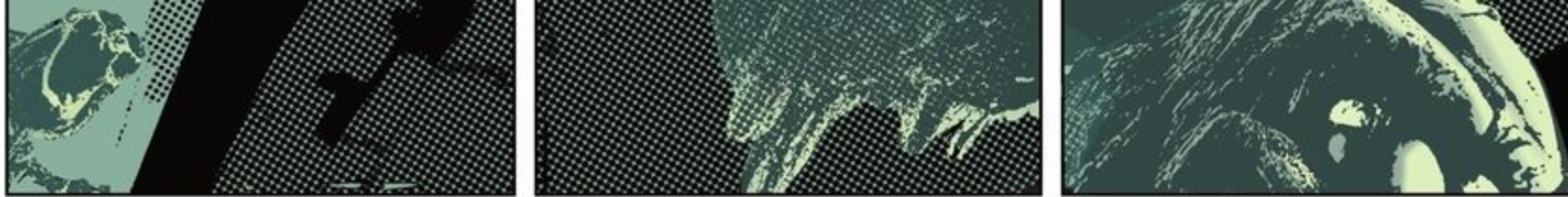


WHAT TALK?

I didn't get a chance to tell you, he-- he decided he doesn't wanna be a superh--

LATER!

WE GOT A SITUATION AT SCHOOL! AND, uh-- JUST THIS ONCE--





Powerless. Petrified.
Paused. Linda can relate.

G-GET
AWAY FROM
HER!

IT'S OKAY. THESE KIDS
ARE IN STASIS. I-IT'S
ACTUALLY REAL
CALMING.

RIGHT, HOLT? LIKE THOSE
KIDNAPPED COPS,
UP BY THE SUN?

You...left...
some policemen...
in space...?

I-IT'S--
IT'S MORE
COMPLICATED
THAN TH--

ACTUALLY,
NO, WALLY.
MY T-SPHERES
ARE READING
ADRENALINE,
INTENSE BRAIN
ACTIVITY...

I THINK
THIS IS AN
EXTREMELY
TRAUMATIC
EXPERIENCE
FOR THESE
KIDS...

Damn.

I'M GUESSING
MY SCREWY
LINK TO THE
SPEED
FORCE KEPT
ME OUT OF IT?
BUT...I CAN...
KINDA FEEL
IT.

It's
like...

...LIKE TIME'S
BLEEDING.

Hhh.

The hero *slides*. A sideways lurch,
unlike any she's felt before.

It's only by the hand
on his shoulder--
a lifeline she wasn't
conscious of placing--
that she's dragged along.

It feels like a hiccup in her soul.

W-Wally...?
What is all
this...?

LINDA?



Uhhh,
okay, so--
I GOT THIS NEW
POWER TO KINDA...
SWITCH FREQUENCIES.
Like, JUMPING LAYERS
OF REALITY.
It's hard to
explain.

(As if he ever tried.)

ONLY--
SOMETHING'S
WRONG.



IT'S ALL SCRUNCHED
UP. THE ONLY PLACE THAT
FEELS **CLEAN** AND
CALM IS...is...

She catches
just a glimpse--
an alabaster
Eden as pristine
and peaceful
as death--



--before he
pulls back, like
a possessive
child with a
new toy.

Secrets. The stench of
them surrounds her.
Secrets--



--and just a *hint* of cinnamon.

ENOUGH OF THIS!
THESE ARE **REAL**
PEOPLE! WHAT'S
CAUSING ALL THESE
DISTURBANCES?!



Such petulance.
 RIPPLES,
SENTIENT ORGANIC.
JUST RIPPLES.

EACH WILL **FADE--**
MOVEMENT WILL
RETURN. THE
OVERLAPS **WILL**
WITHDRAW. BUT
MORE WILL
FOLLOW.

C-CAUSED BY
WHAT?!



The tallest of the entities, its voice the creaking of pack ice, head tilted with birdlike apathy, regards the hero with eyeless indifference.

"It is a pity you won't catch him," it says. "He is fleet. He is unencumbered. Whereas you...?"

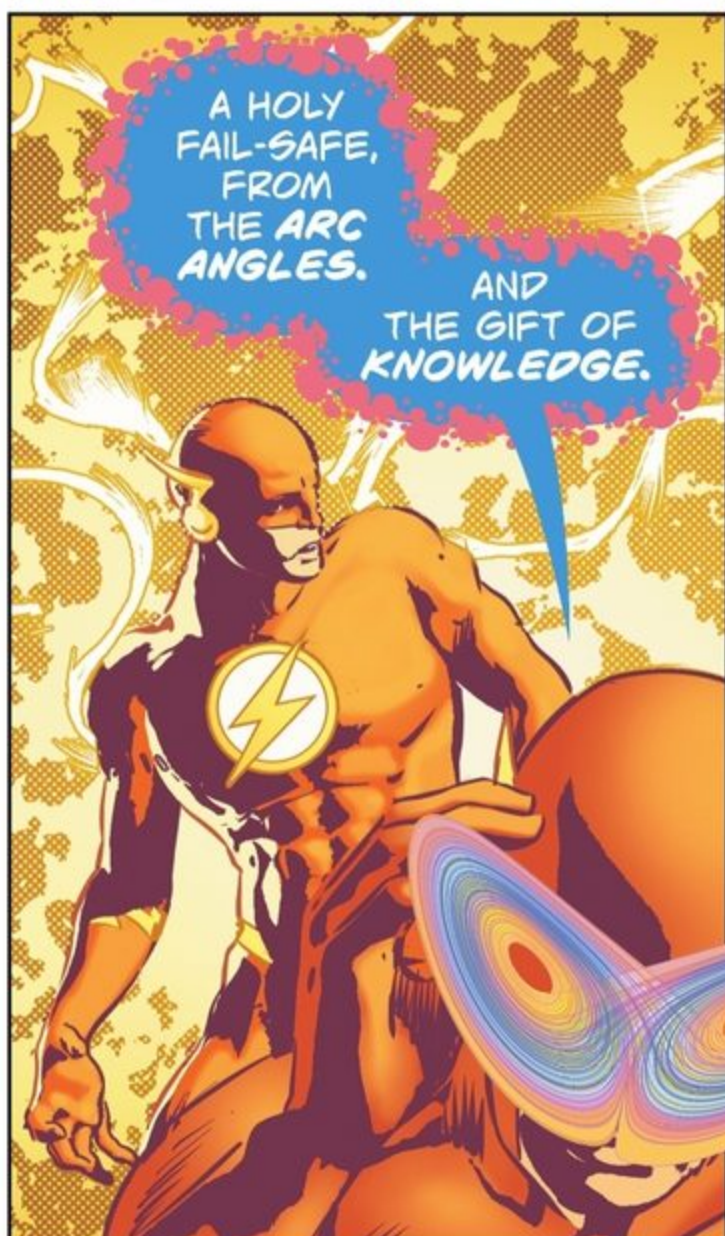
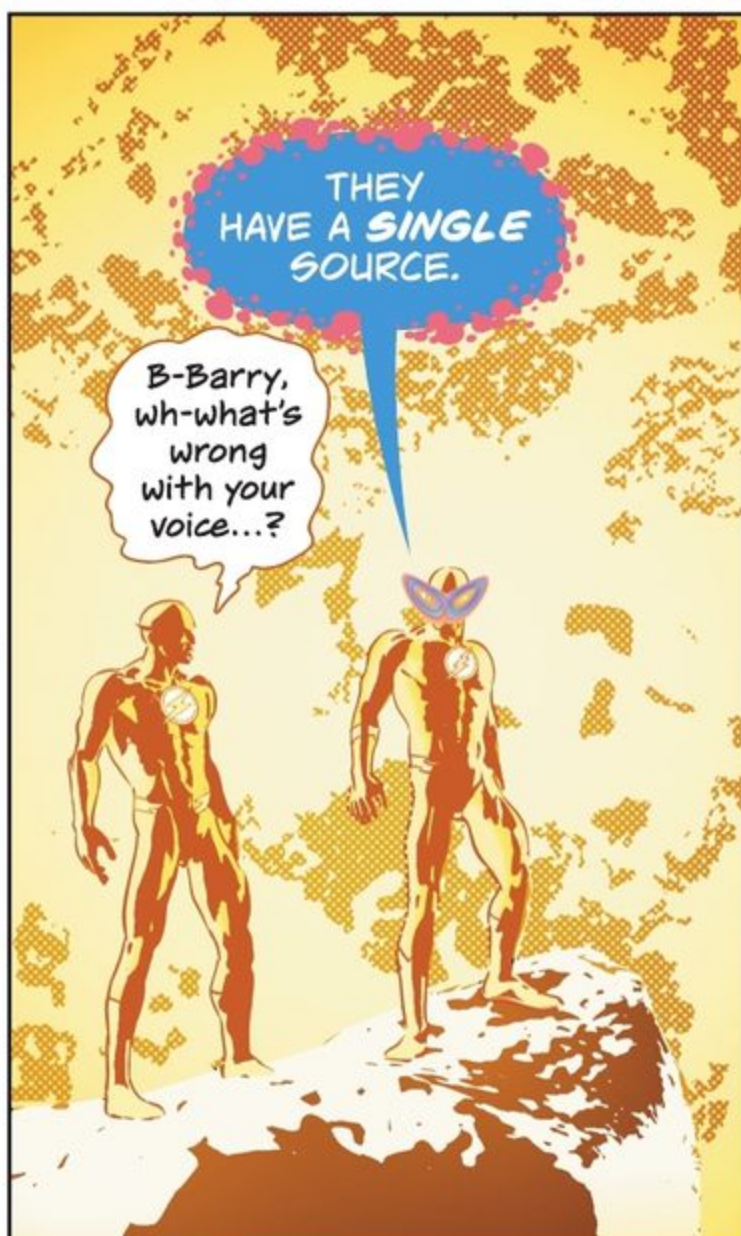
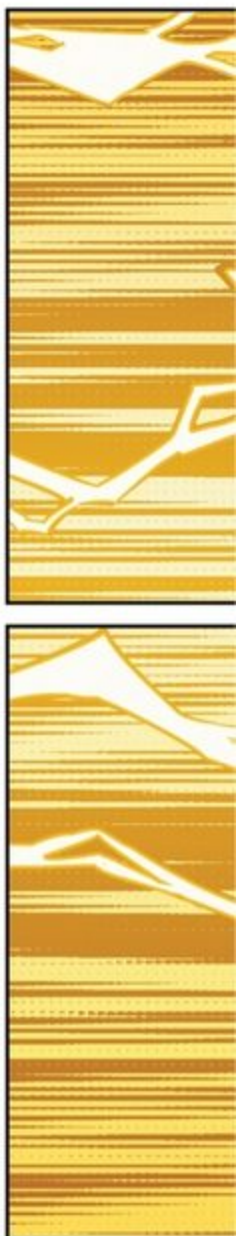
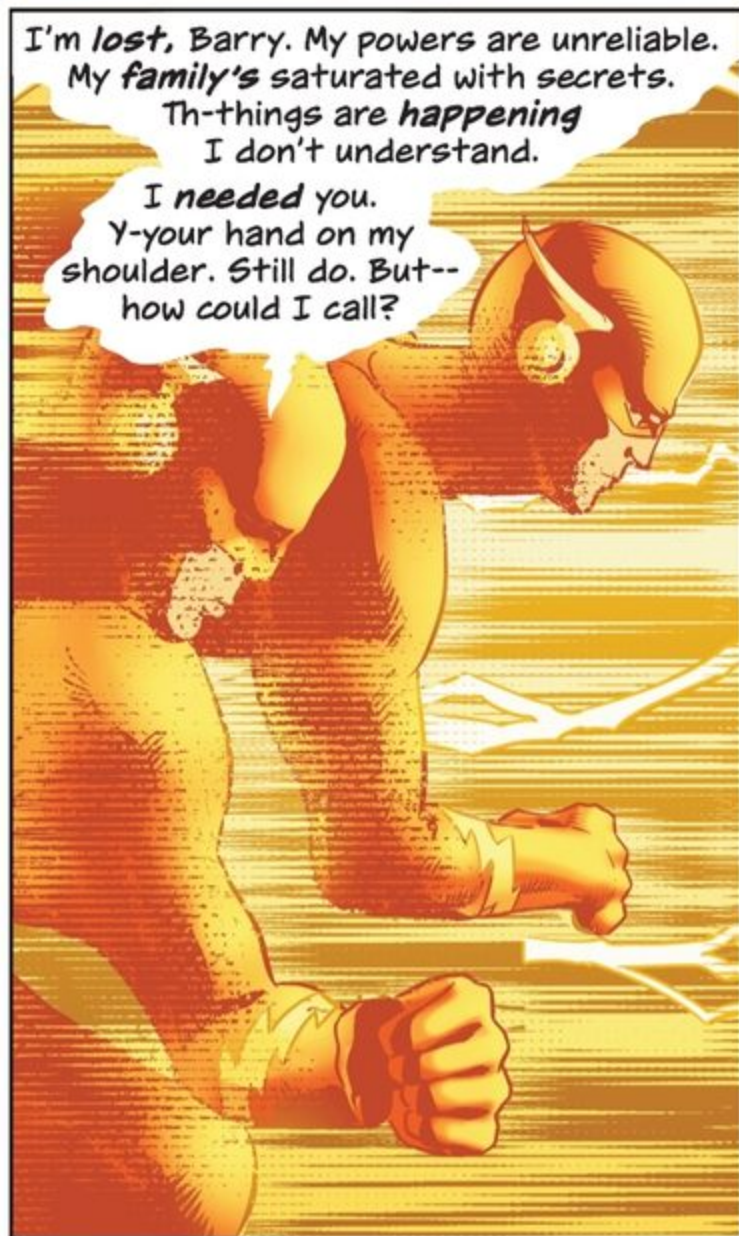


They don't need to speak. The wife. The husband. They both know. Though it burns her so deeply she could vomit magma. Though it scalds her mind like the shrilling of the pipes every night in her dreams. Though she cannot raise a sob to show it.

They both know why, today, one hero is faster than another.









Nnf...
W...**WALLY**...?
WALLY, WHAT
HAPPENED?

M-my
headache's
gone.
WH-WHERE
ARE W--

THERE. BOTH O'
THE AUL' TOSSPOTS'RE
GONE. DROPPED BACK
INTAE **REAL** TIME. THE
PAYLOAD'LL COME
BACK TO **US** IN
A SECOND.

YA
THINK THE KID
BOUGHT IT?
ALL THAT "**GIFT**"
CRAPP?

IRRELEVANT.
HE'S **ISOLATED**.
WOUNDED. DOUBTING
EVERYTHING.

YES.
JUST AS
REQUIRED...

FRIENDS, YOU
HAVE **SERVED** WITH
DILIGENCE. YOU HAVE
EARNED YOUR
ALLOTTED REWARDS--
AND MORE BESIDES.

YOU
HAVE EARNED AN
EXPLANATION.

KNOW,
THEN, THAT ALL
YOU HAVE DONE--
THE CHAOS, THE
EROSION OF
PRIDE--

--**ALL** HAS
SERVED TO
PREPARE OUR
CHOSEN WEAPON,
THE CONDUIT
WALLY
WEST.

THROUGH **HIM**
WE SHALL SEND OUR
WARHEAD INTO THE
SOURCE OF CREATION.
OUR POISONOUS TANGLE
OF **PARADOX** AND
PAIN.

SOON,
THROUGH **THE**
FLASH, WE SHALL
DEPLOY A VIRUS
FIT FOR A WORLD
WHERE TIME
STANDS STILL.

THE
CORONA
CONTRARIUM...



Hee hee
hehhh--

...THE
CROWN OF
THAWNES.

TO BE CONTINUED...



NEW MISSION, NEW TEAM!

DAWN OF
DC

BIRDS OF PREY #7

"THE BEST SUPERHERO
BOOK RIGHT NOW."
—THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

WRITTEN BY
KELLY THOMPSON

ART BY
JAVIER PINA

COVER BY LEONARDO ROMERO

BARBARA GORDON REUNITES WITH THE BIRDS
FOR AN ALL-NEW STORY ARC STARTING IN

MARCH

© & TM DC.

LEONARDO
ROMERO
20 23

DAWN OF DC

SUICIDE SQUAD

DREAM TEAM

Amanda Waller has long employed ruthless methods to exert control over the super-powered population of the DC Universe—but she's shown an all-new intensity as of late in stories like *Titans: Beast World*, as she looks to seize power like never before.

The next step in Waller's quest is *Suicide Squad: Dream Team*, a four-issue series from writer Nicole Maines and artists Eddy Barrows and Eber Ferreira. As Waller gathers a new Task Force X—Harley Quinn, Bizarro, Clock King, Black Alice, and Deadeye—she seeks to exploit Dreamer's precognition skills to eliminate what Waller perceives to be a growing threat posed by metahumans.

"This is a very different space than what [Dreamer is] used to, and where we're used to seeing her," Maines says. "Dealing with Amanda Waller and this new Suicide Squad is going to force her to decide what kind of hero she wants to be, and what she is willing to sacrifice to save the future."

The events of *Suicide Squad: Dream Team* will have ramifications across DC's publishing line in 2024—and with issue #1 on sale in March, here's a look at Barrows's character sketches for the series!



AMANDA WALLER



BIZARRO



DREAMER



CLOCK KING



HARLEY QUINN



DON'T MISS SUICIDE SQUAD: DREAM TEAM #1, ON SALE IN MARCH!

DC COMICS MARIE JAVINS VP - Editor-in-Chief JIM LEE President, Publisher & Chief Creative Officer ANNE DePIES Senior VP & General Manager LARRY BERRY VP - Brand Design & Creative Services DON FALLETTI VP - Manufacturing & Production LAWRENCE GANEM VP - Editorial Programming & Talent Strategy ALISON GILL Senior VP - Manufacturing & Operations NICK J. NAPOLITANO VP - Publishing & Business Operations NANCY SPEARS VP - Sales & Marketing

THE FLASH 6, April, 2024. Published monthly by DC Comics, 4000 Warner Blvd., Bldg. 700, 2nd Floor, Burbank, CA 91522. GST # is R125921072. Copyright © 2024 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and related elements are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. For Advertising and Custom Publishing contact dccomicsadvertising@dc.com. For details on DC Comics Ratings, visit dc.com/ratings.